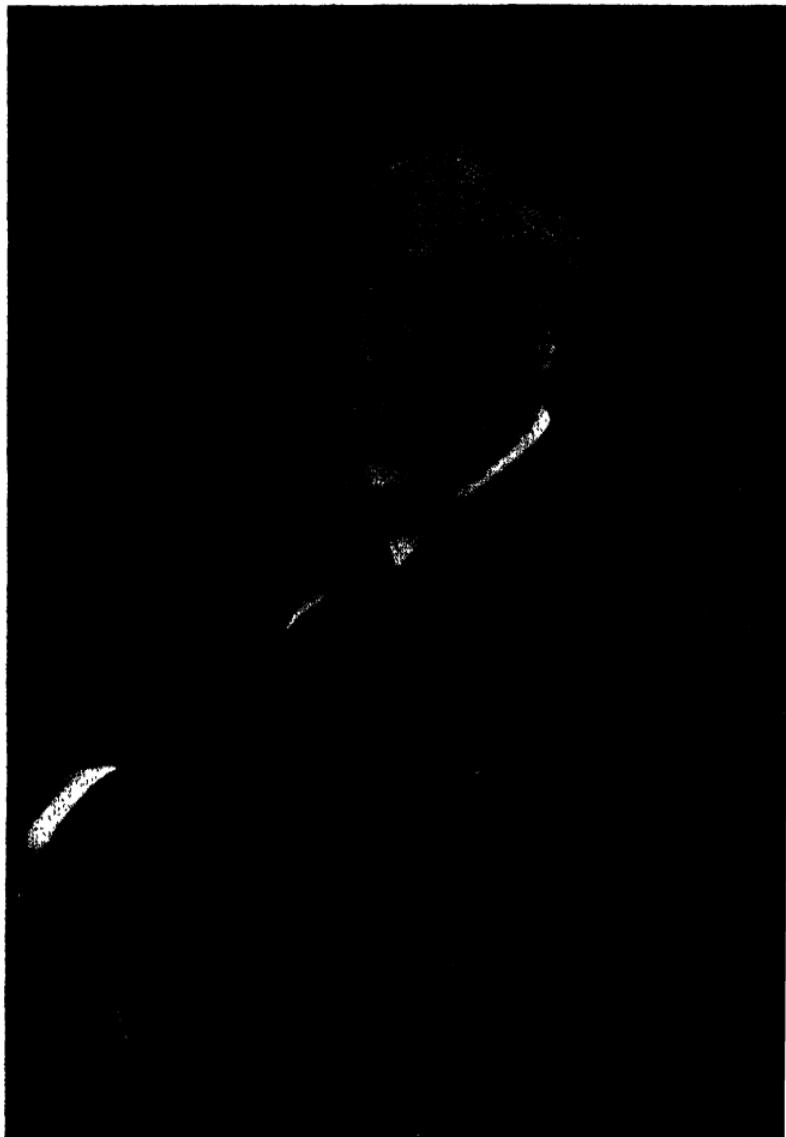


THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

THE POEMS OF
WILLIAM WATSON

2 Vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth

With a portrait by HOLLYER in Photo-
gravure. 9s. net.



WILLIAM WATSON

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

A PLAY IN EIGHT SCENES

BY

WILLIAM WATSON

LONDON

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD

MCMXII

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

*TO MY WIFE,
but for whom it would not have been written,
I dedicate this play.*

W. W.

New York

Feb. 10, 1912

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN

CLOTAIRE	King of Ideonia
PRINCE HESPERUS	The King's Son
POLITIAN	
PARMENIO	
ERMINIUS	
} Ministers of State	
VOLMAR	Commander of the Army
HILDERIC	One of Volmar's Captains
PETRUS	A Judge
BRASIDAS	A Leader of the People
ABBO OF THE WOODS	A Hunter and Trapper
GARLIC	
PUNCHEON	

WOMEN

QUEEN ADALIND	VENORA
ZORAYA	

Guards, soldiers, attendants, ushers, and others.

SCENE: — AT FIRST THE BORDERS OF IDEONIA;
AFTERWARDS, PHANTASMOPOL, THE CAPITOL.

TIME: — THE MORROW OF ANTIQUITY.

• THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

THE
HERALDS OF THE DAWN
A PLAY IN EIGHT SCENES

SCENE I

Volmar's camp among the woods on the borders of Ideonia.

Night-time. Beside a stream, Volmar's tent.
VOLMAR. HILDERIC. *A sentinel. Further off, soldiers sleeping on the ground.*

V O L M A R

To-day six months ago, good Hilderic,
We camped at this same place on the outward
march,
And had our first brush with the enemy.
It seemed as if each tuft of waving grass,
And every bramble and whin-bush, hid a foe.
Where are they now?

H I L D E R I C

We left them to the kite
And warhawk, and the grey wolf of the wood.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

V O L M A R

This stream, that looks so humble a rillet, marks
The boundary 'twixt their country and our own.
Here is our native soil, our fatherland, —
There, Hilderic, the Kingdom we have conquered.

H I L D E R I C

This brook ran red that night thou speakest of. *

V O L M A R

Ay, it did so! But Nature soon enough
Washes her hands of us and all we do.
To-night the stream runs clear as hermit's spring,
And when I drank of it this afternoon
It had no taste of slaughter. — Thou hast now
Three hours for sleep, and then at dawn we march.

H I L D E R I C

For home!

V O L M A R

For home! Goodnight.

H I L D E R I C

Goodnight, my lord.

(*Exit HILDERIC. VOLMAR goes into his tent, lies down and falls asleep. Enter, stealthily, from a thicket on the further side of the stream, ABBO of the Woods. The sentinel leans against a ledge of rock, nods and dozes.*)

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

A B B O

So this is how their lordly one is guarded —
The sentry drowsed and nodding at his post!
I've slipped past all the others, and unseen
Have threaded these dark woodlands, where I know
Each tree and stone, and every cleft and cave.
Now in his tent the general is asleep.
I do not doubt but that he sleeps as well
As if he had not on his soul one sin:
The wicked sleep as soundly as the good.
Yea, it is not the Wronger, but the Wronged,
That lies awake with raging thoughts, as I
So oft have done. If I can reach him now —
One stroke — and I shall be avenged upon him,
And the next moment, in another world,
He's cringing for God's mercy. Then — what then?
If I should fall alive into their hands?
They'll cut and carve me out of human shape,
And laugh as they look on. I'll hazard it.

(ABBO moves forward to cross the stream. A loose stone slips from under his foot with a loud noise. The sentinel looks up. Other soldiers start from their sleep on the ground. VOLMAR raises his head and listens. ABBO, unperceived, draws back into the thicket.)

SCENE II

A street. On the left, the King's palace, approached by a flight of steps. On the right, at a little distance, a fortress-prison. BRASIDAS. PUNCHEON. GARLIC. Numerous citizens of various grade. A cripple. A beggar.

B R A S I D A S

This will I say: the war, that now hath clang'd
And thundered to its end, I loved not greatly;
But its rich fruits, whether indeed they do us
Much honour in the harvesting or no,
Will fill the royal treasury to o'erflowing,
And leave small pretext for those cruel exactions
Whereby your substance is so taxed away.

F I R S T C I T I Z E N

They tax our corn, oil, timber, metals, wool —
They tax our wine —

P U N C H E O N

Ay, there's a grievous impost —
A duty on good-fellowship, wit, and joy.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

FIRST CITIZEN

How if the soldiers bring more glory home
Than booty?

B R A S I D A S

There'll be waggon-loads of both,
In endless train choking the frantic streets,
Hour by mad hour.

SECOND CITIZEN

May all be well! Yet somehow
There's nothing prancing in men's hearts.

CRIPPLE

THIRD CITIZEN

They say that from his bedchamber the King
Saw it, and fearing much what it might bode
Could sleep no more.

B R A S I D A S

Uneasy consciences

FOURTH CITIZEN

Bold words, in such a place! If *we* had said them,
Yon bastille were our lodging.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

B R A S I D A S

Well, God knows,
Its black and hungry mouth may soon enough
Gape for me too.

S E C O N D C I T I Z E N

Nay, Brasidas in prison
Would as a martyr be more formidable
Than Brasidas free, and therein lies thy safety.

F I R S T A R T I S A N

Make way there for the lord Parmenio.

(Enter PARMENIO, going towards the palace steps.)

F I R S T A R T I S A N

My lord, what of the bread-tax?

S E C O N D A R T I S A N

And the salt-tax?

T H I R D A R T I S A N

Ay, and the poll-tax?

F O U R T H A R T I S A N

And the hearth-tax?

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

FIRST ARTISAN

Are

These to be done away with? or the burden
A little better suited to the back?

PUNCHEON

What of those crushing wine-duties, my lord?

BEGGAR

We've heard that doles and bounties are to be
Given to the poor.

GARLIC

And the deserving idle.

FIRST ARTISAN

Silence, thou simpleton.

SECOND ARTISAN

Is it true our debts
Are to be blotted out?

BEGGAR

Are prisoned folk
To have their liberty?

GARLIC

And old offenders
To be rewarded?

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

THIRD ARTISAN

Fool, tie up thy tongue.

FOURTH ARTISAN

Shall we have cheaper food?

FIRST ARTISAN

And cheaper justice?

(PARMENIO, having ascended the palace steps,
pauses at the threshold and faces his interrogators.)

PARMENIO

Good people, is it seemly, at the King's
Own door, to pelt me with your questions thus?
I go to him even now, that I may learn
From his own mouth his full and fixed intent
Touching the things you speak of, and to-morrow
Yourselves shall learn it too.

FIRST CITIZEN

Give us to-day

At least an inkling of it. We all know
That you live close to the King's mind.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

P A R M E N I O

A King's

Mind is so sentinelled and guarded, one
May live hard by it and ne'er have seen within.
Yet, as I would not you should go away
Famished for news, such knowledge as is mine
I will impart. 'T is known to you already
That any day, and almost any hour,
May witness the return of glorious Volmar,
Our greatest soldier, and perfect flower of war,
From conquest of the hereditary foe,
Bringing his captives with him, and his spoil,
Trophies, and treasure. Now the King intends
That this same treasure, which is rumoured vast,
Shall be applied to the easing of that burden,
That hard load of taxation, borne by you
Not without murmur, and upon you laid
With most reluctant hand. And furthermore,
From the proud hour of Volmar's homecoming,
The King ordains a seven days' festival
For all his people, his own revenue
To bear the cost. Lastly, so royal are
The scope and range of his benevolence,
He will decree the pardon and release
Of all such men in prison —

(hesitating)

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

POLITIAN

(coming from within the palace and standing beside PARMENIO)

As may be freed
With safety to the state.

PARMENIO

Ev'n so, my lord
Politian. Now, good people, you have heard
The King's benign intentions. Go you therefore
To your own homes, with loyal and pious hearts,
Thanking yon Heaven that hath so blessed our
arms.

(Exit POLITIAN)

*
FIRST CITIZEN

Long live the King.

SECOND CITIZEN

Long live the Count Parmenio.

FIRST ARTISAN

Taxation abolished!

THIRD CITIZEN

Nay, nay, not so fast.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

G A R L I C

A seven weeks' feast!

S E C O N D A R T I S A N

Seven days, old maunderer.

T H I R D A R T I S A N

Come, let us spread the news.

P U N C H E O N

If they 'll repeal
Those taxes on conviviality —

S E C O N D A R T I S A N

Yes, let us spread the news. 'T is a great day.

G A R L I C

There has not been its like since the millennium.

*(Exeunt GARLIC and PUNCHEON. Others, on the
point of going, remain when BRASIDAS speaks.)*

B R A S I D A S

Honoured Parmenio, you are known to all
As one not hard to approach, when men crave light
On things that touch their bosoms. Will you
tell us

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

What order of offenders these may be,
For whom their prison doors are to fly open?
The common felon? the prowling man of prey?
The cutpurse and the cut-throat? Is it to these
You 'll grant a new lease of the sun and sky?

P A R M E N I O

Brasidas, they whose judgment guides this realm
Allow you a large liberty of speech:
Allow to them some liberty of silence.
In statecraft there are things that cannot be
As public as a peepshow at a fair.
The council chamber of a King is secret,
Even as the heart and inwards of thy body
Are secret. To uncover their hid workings
Were to destroy thee, body and heart and all.

B R A S I D A S

Oh, there 's a world of secret things, my lord,
You've touched not on; and since you will not
tell me
What men are to be freed, who then are they
You mean to keep in bonds? Are they the
wretches
Denounced, in secret, for what cause we know not,
And after secret trial hurried down

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Where secret night hugs them with iron arms?
'T is a plain question, worth a plain reply.

P A R M E N I O

You call your words a question: they are rather
An accusation and a wild indictment
Hurled against law and justice.

B R A S I D A S

• Law and justice!
When was I not the fieriest of their lovers?
Those I indict are they that make the law
A byword and a hissing. Turn not thou
Away, but hear me. In yon prison-house
My father suffers for a deed he did not,
And there is he in fetters, where this light
We call impartial sends him scarce a beam.
Oh, justice is a word that you keep near you,
But she, Justice herself, hath long been banished,
And somewhere far from all the abodes of Law
Her place of exile is.

P A R M E N I O

Your private griefs
Are known, and in some measure may be held
To excuse the violence of your tongue. But try not

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

The patience of Authority too far.
Insulted Power can any time cut short
The freedom you misuse.

B R A S I D A S

I do defy it
To lay a hand upon me. With a signal
I could call forth a host as from the ground,
Who, if you dared to cast me in yon prison,
Would batter down its walls founded in blood,
Its doors dabbled with blood, its towers that rise
Out of a fen and rank morass of blood,
Unpacified blood, not to be quieted,
Not to be put to sleep in the earth at all.

(Exit)

P A R M E N I O

A man so covered with a foam of words
Proclaims himself bankrupt of argument.

(Exit into palace)

F I R S T A R T I S A N

Well, that is as it may be.

S E C O N D A R T I S A N

For my part,
I think our Brasidas had the best of it.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

THIRD ARTISAN

We could see plainly which one feared the other.

A CITIZEN

You all must own, Parmenio bears no blemish
As husband, father, or friend.

THIRD ARTISAN

Why, there's an adage,
'The greatest villains never break a law,'—
Not that I hint at villainy in his lordship.

FOURTH ARTISAN

Come, let's remember in what place we stand.
They say the gallows hath put some to silence
Because they thought too loudly.

(Re-enter PUNCHEON)

FIFTH ARTISAN

As for me,
I've a great mind to go about my business;
For I begin to think that politics are
A study should be left to learned men,
Such as astronomers, and the best-born clergy.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

PUNCHEON

There be few thirstier studies. * It begets
A marvellous great drouth in a man's throat.

FIFTH ARTISAN

My study is mending shoes.

GARLIC

Mend thou thy manners,
And stand not gabbling 'neath the very nose
Of greatness. Seest thou not yon lords?

*(Enter from the palace POLITIAN and PARMENIO,
who stand in the doorway.)*

THIRD ARTISAN

They look
Severely on us.

FOURTH ARTISAN

Our free speech has been
O'erheard.

FIRST CITIZEN

I am called hence on urgent business.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

SECOND CITIZEN

Mine own affairs press furiously.

THIRD CITIZEN

Mine, too,

Call loudly for me.

FOURTH CITIZEN

Come, let us begone.

(Exeunt all persons in the street. POLITIAN and PARMENTIO descend the steps.)

POLITIAN

Mind you, I do not say that the belief
In signs and omens and the like is nought
But vulgar superstition; for indeed
I never did deny that these things are.
But why should *we* befog our intellects
With such dark matters? Life is not too clear
At broadest noonday, and these messages
Dropt from the void are written in a cypher
Of which we lack the key.

PARMENTIO

True, true enough;
But meet you not a strange mood in the land?

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

No gaiety gambols by — and here and there
Men congregate like birds that have forewarning
Of dread events in Nature.

P O L I T I A N

We'll divert
Their minds with shows and pageantry. Such toys
Put that great babe, the People, in good humour.

(Enter ZORAYA)

But who is this? Old as the cliffs she seems,
Yet as unbowed as they are. What would'st
thou with us?

Z O R A Y A

My errand is to speak unto the King.

P O L I T I A N

Impossible. He is sick, and hath much need
Of slumber.

Z O R A Y A

They that sent me do not sleep.

P O L I T I A N

And who are they, good dame?

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

ZORAYA

They are the Powers
That spin the secret threads of life and death.

PARMENIO

Thou art she the people call the prophetess?

ZORAYA

Too great a title. I receive, at most,
Blurred intimations of what is to be.
I am tantalised with Heaven's half-confidences.
I am hurt with flying splinters of the truth.

PARMENIO

Speak what thou knowest. If evil be at hand,
Whom does it menace?

ZORAYA

I can only tell thee
That doom hangs o'er this day, and *here* will fall.
Nought more do I know.

(*Exit*)

PARMENIO

She gives to it no form
Our senses can lay hold on.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

POLITIAN

For my palate,
This diet is a thought too translunary.
I have lived my life with things that can be
touched,
Tested, and weighed.

PARMENIO

Yet there are other things.

POLITIAN

Oh, there are things which better brains than
mine
Ere now have dashed themselves to pieces on;
But if I break my pate, 't is little solace
To have broken it sublimely, against the stars.
Here our ways part —

PARMENIO

Until we meet again
An hour past noon.

POLITIAN

That time when day, like me,
Grows middle-aged and unromantical.

(Exit)

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

P A R M E N I O

How covetable that strictly bounded mind,
No shreds of twilight hanging loose upon it!
Mine own leans out into the Dark, and so
Hazards its very balance, in hope to catch
The footfall of events ere they arrive,
And from the Dark wins nothing. 'T is to no
purpose

One plays the eavesdropper about Fate's door.
The servants there are incorruptible,
And will not sell one secret to the world.

(Exit)

SCENE III

A room in the palace opening widely on a garden, which lies in brilliant sunshine. PARMENIO alone. To him enter POLITIAN. In the garden an aged gardener at work.

POLITIAN

Where is the Prince?

PARMENIO

Here I await him now,

But he forgets.

POLITIAN

His studies more and more
Engross him. History, polity, jurisprudence —
He takes them all as steps by which to mount
Toward the crowning art of ruling men.

PARMENIO

He does not seem disdainful of the art
Of wooing women.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

P O L I T I A N

• There I think he trusts
Rather to Nature. Hark, I hear his foot.

(Enter PRINCE HESPERUS)

P A R M E N I O

Highness, what news of Volmar?

H E S P E R U S

He hath crossed
The mountain ridge already. His messengers,
Sent spurring on before him at the dawn,
Have just arrived. Hither he marches slowly,
Much cumbered with the greatness of his spoil,
But ere the daylight droops it is believed
He will be here. There is a grassy knoll
From whose smooth shoulder he will first look
down

Upon the city. Then will his trumpeters
Sound out their taratantara on the air,
Blowing a silver salutation to us.

All hath gone well — save only that I fear
This sickness of the King will somewhat tarnish
Our pomps, and give a greyness and a pallor
To our rejoicings.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

P A R M E N I O

But he hath great power
Of rallying! Is he not in the garden?

H E S P E R U S

Ay, there
My father sits, quite worn out with the chase.

P A R M E N I O

The chase?

H E S P E R U S

Three nights and days he hath hunted sleep,
And still it flies and flies.

(Enter VENORA, followed by a waiting maid carrying needlework.)

V E N O R A

Do I break in
Upon high matters?

H E S P E R U S

Yes, sweet lady, you
Break in upon them as the snowdrop breaks
In upon January.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

V E N O R A

' I cannot do '

A stitch of this embroidery to-day;

(to her maid)

Yet leave it. *(Exit maid)* I have but one thought

— a hero

Comes homeward, beautiful with victory.

P O L I T I A N

A great and fair occasion. I remember

One very different — the return of Rainald

From miserable defeat.

H E S P E R U S

Him that was called

A whirlwind on a warhorse in his day.

V E N O R A

A weeping welcome would be his, I doubt not.

P O L I T I A N

A silent one — save for a few that hissed.

V E N O R A

O shameful! I'd have stripped the summer of all
Its roses, to make sweet the ways for him.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

H E S P E R U S

Alas, we oft are prone to do as they did:
The man whom Fate hath scourged we scourge
again.
To-day let us forget these things.

V E N O R A

How darkly

Yon cedar reaches out its solemn arms!
I am a little sorry for the flowers
That have to live so near it. Their gay thoughts
Seem chidden and put down by its grave bearing,
And for their sake I think that I could almost
Wish it away.

H E S P E R U S

Ah, know you not its story?

Then listen. It was mine ancestor Alexius,
The founder of our house, who long ago
Did with his own hand set that tree in earth;
And 't is affirmed that our own royal fortunes
Are with its life bound up: if it decay,
We wither; while it flourishes we flourish;
But when it dies we fall from sovereignty,
And wear a crown no more.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

V E N O R A

Then will we hope
The tree keeps young in heart, for I have heard,
That is the secret of long life in all things.

(Enter, in the garden, the KING.)

Look where the King himself walks toward it.

H E S P E R U S

With what slow, feeble steps!

V E N O R A

Since I have been
A guest within these walls, I never saw him
Leaning upon his staff so wearily.

K I N G

(touching the tree caressingly)

Still sound — still sound and hale. How many
a time

In troubled dreams have I beheld thee maimed,
And stricken through with death! But in clear
daylight

Is not all well with thee? Art thou not full
Of great desire to live for ages yet,
And is not great desire strong as resolve?

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Oh, that I had some sovereign prophylactic,
Able to drive far from thee all disease,
And all decay for ever!

H E S P E R U S

Is it meet
That we should gaze on his distempered mood?

V E N O R A

It is not kind.

H E S P E R U S

Let's forth into the sun.

K I N G

(*to the gardener*)

Fellow, what things in Nature may they be,
What powers of earth or air, that most do threaten
The life and welfare of a tree like this?

G A R D E N E R

Why, King, a tree be in many ways mightily like a man. Now if a man feed well, and live orderly, and keep a still mind, and have no very great shocks of trouble, he may come to a wonderful great age. And so is it with trees. But there

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

is the weevil, now, that eateth through the bark: unto the tree he is like gnawing care, cark and care, and in time he will let in death to the very heartwood. Then there be long droughts, whereby the tree is stinted of its right meat and drink: that is want — woful want — and good trees hath it killed. Then there are fell tempests also; these be great shocks, and they do not come and go without leaving their mark somewhere, though the eye may see it not.

K I N G

How long might this cedar yet live?

G A R D E N E R

Why, King, that is most hard to tell. But it may live a long while yet, except it die suddenly by the act of God.

K I N G

What meanest thou?

G A R D E N E R

I mean naught else but the lightning, the thunderbolt; for that is the act of God.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

K I N G

Ay, truly. And if the lightning should split this trunk, I fall at one stroke from Kinghood to an estate which a beggar might despise. For then should I and mine in a moment be but as your mock princes, your hide-and-seek pretenders, that go pranked in a sort of out-at-elbow greatness, and posture through life, demanding the reverence no man pays, and for ever sighing over lost occasions; the very phantoms of majesty. To come to that in a twinkling! How terrible a thing may be the act of God!

G A R D E N E R

Oho, there is rottenness in this branch. This in time would open the door to death. This bough must be lopped straightway.

(Enter QUEEN in the garden)

K I N G

(The gardener lops the bough) — Hold, sirrah!
Oh, what is this that thou hast done?
I felt his blade strike through me here.
(He staggers, the QUEEN supports him.) Queen! —
wife! —

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

What ruthless surgeon have they sent to me,
That gashes me in the side, and leaves unstaunch'd
The wound his bistoury gave?

Q U E E N

Nay, King, thou hast
No hurt at all. But thy long sleepless nights
Have sorely jarred thy brain. The air to-day
Is of a fevering heat in this closed garden.
I knew not if 't is good for thee.

K I N G

My mind
Fell ghastly sick one moment; but thy voice
Hath ever unto me a healing sound,
And I am well again.

Q U E E N

Let us go in.

*(They enter the palace. Enter from another side
POLITIAN, PARMENIO, and ERMINIUS.)*

E R M I N I U S

Your Grace, I have discovered and frustrated
Yet one more foul design — these letters here

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Attest its deadly nature — to subvert
Your rule, and overthrow the throne itself.

K I N G

(glancing at papers)

The air hums with conspiracies to uproot me.

E R M I N I U S

Sir, during this your ever blessed reign,
I have unearthed in all ten several plots
Against your Majesty's most sacred life.

P O L I T I A N

(aside)

After inventing at least nine of them.

E R M I N I U S

I wait not the full hatching of these treasons,
But crush them as it were in the very egg,
Almost before there is —

P O L I T I A N

(aside)

A hen to lay it.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

E R M I N I U S

•(to POLITIAN)

My lord, I wish you nobler occupation
Than piecing out another's sentences.

P O L I T I A N

Forgive me; it was a crude attempt to show
How I esteem the diligence and despatch
That under your direction have so marked
Our judicature.

E R M I N I U S

If this be irony,

I understand it not; for none denies
That in our courts Conviction with all promptness
Follows upon the heels of Accusation,
While Execution lags not far behind.

K I N G

The authors of this plot —

E R M I N I U S

Are all in irons.

K I N G

Why is yon fellow Brasidas still at large?
He brawls under my windows like a fishwife,

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Hawking sedition of so rank an odour,
Stale fish were lavender to it.

ERMINIUS

Majesty,
We do not think him dangerous. He has
Indeed no following save a sort of men
Whose thought will never ripen into action.

KING

Thought has been tolerated much too long.

ERMINIUS

It is indeed most troublos.

KING

Look you to it
That from to-morrow he be in safe keeping.
We'll see whether the chastening prison diet
Give any touch of fine austerity
To an eloquence a little overblown.

ERMINIUS

Consider, sir, — at such a time, — the man
Being so popular —

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

POLITIAN

• And to do him justice
He is rather a good quality of windbag.

PARMENIO

I have no cause to love him. But oft such
men
Are to the State as boiling springs to the
earth,
That vent her plethra and so cool her fever.

KING

Enough — enough — I see you are all in league
With them that plot against me. It is to you
I owe it that I cannot sleep i' the night
For menacing voices, yea, and furtive hands,
That draw aside the curtains of my bed,
And only fail of their intent by some
Mighty interposition. Get you gone
Out of my house. What are you — counsellors?
Counterfeits rather — mimes — semblances —
spectres.

Out of my house: is it not haunted enough
Already? Go.

(*Exeunt POLITIAN, PARMENIO, and ERMINIUS.*)

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

QUEEN

Dear lord, these altercations
Do only leave thee shattered. Put all discord
Far from thy mind, and let us walk again
Among the agreeing flowers.

KING

Presently
I 'll to the garden with thee; and in truth
My life is well-nigh bounded by its walls.

(*Paces the room, then pauses.*)
The air is very heavy and still. Almost
Would night seem to have trespassed upon day,
So dark it grows.

(*Enter HESPERUS and VENORA from the garden.*)

HESPERUS

Dark? Doth he jest? If not,
Then, in the name of sunlight and all splendour,
What fantasy is this? Father, I think
A brighter day never lit up the world.

KING

Have I no eyes? For all permitted uses
I have a pair as serviceable as thine.—
No palsy in them.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

P R I N C E

• But the spirit's fatigue

May for a time oppress the lucid vision.

K I N G

I tell thee I can see as well as thou;
And were there any falseness in a man,
Though he were mine own child, I should espy
it.

I 'll put my sight to the test before you all.
Lady, thy finest, thy most tenuous needle!
And now a thread, the slenderest filament
Thou hast. If quickly through this needle's
eye

My hand persuade the silken thread to travel,
Wilt thou still hold me purblind?

(He attempts to thread the needle.)

• Nay, I cannot!

It is this wan, blear, and untimely darkness
Baffles mine eyes.

P R I N C E

Strange, he should talk of darkness,
When all above us is perfect blue and gold,
And there is not a speck upon the day.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

K I N G

(looking out upon the garden)

Still darker. It is that great silent moment
When stands the packed and loaded storm, in
doubt
Whether to hurl the thunderstone or no.
The massy blackness builds itself as a wall,
With towers that topple upon us; and there are
faces,
Puckering enormous brows. Cannot a man
Cherish a cedar and watch over it,
And ravel up his heartstrings with its fibres,
But soon the very heavens must seek it out
With an especial malice, to work its ruin?
Stay, thunder, in thy caverns! Or burst forth,
And mow down all the forests of the world
With thy hot scythe, so thou but spare these
boughs,
Whereon the fate of Kings yet unconceived
Trembles. Ah, now the storm breaks from its
moorings,
And the forked fury with its jagged leap
Already is on us. It strikes the tree: the cedar
Is riven to its anguished roots — it falls asunder,
Crashing unto the earth, and bears us with it,
Pulled from our height of place and royal station

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

For ever. Now am I a King no more,
And thou indeed art a King's son no more,
And thou — thou art queenly still, but Queen no
more.

Thy hand, — here will I rest a little.

(He totters into a chair.)

Tear off

This purple lie: we are nothing now — or only
A proverb of the unstableness of the earth
Beneath the feet of princes.

Q U E E N

If he could
But sleep awhile, that were the sovereign balsam,
And waking he would be himself again.

(A sound of distant trumpets. The KING lifts his head and listens.)

V E N O R A

Hark!

H E S P E R U S

It is Volmar greeting us from the hill.

(The KING sinks into sleep.)

SCENE IV

The same. HESPERUS, booted and spurred.

VENORA.

H E S P E R U S

The hours go nimbly, — it is almost time
That I were riding forth to meet the hero.

(Enter QUEEN)

How is my father?

Q U E E N

He is in deep'sleep.

H E S P E R U S

His chiefest need!

Q U E E N

I think that when he wakens,
The thick cloud will have lifted from his brain.

H E S P E R U S

And he will be again the King we knew.

(Enter an usher)

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

U S H E R

An officer of General Count Volmar's,
Sent in advance of the returning forces,
Craves access to this presence.

H E S P E R U S

Let him in.

(Enter HILDERIC)

Is it not Hilderic?

H I L D E R I C

It is, my lord.

H E S P E R U S

A brave and skilful soldier. Thou art welcome.

H I L D E R I C

The General, who will soon be at the gates,
Hath sent me on as bearer of this gift
Of jewels, if her grace will not disdain it.

(Servants bring in a treasure-chest.)

(To QUEEN) Lord Volmar bade me say, that he
himself

Hath little learning in their qualities,
And should there be among them things of nought,
He begs you'll pardon both the gift and giver.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Q U E E N

Why, here are sapphires, rubies, emeralds —

V E N O R A

Calcedony, and sardonyx, and jacinth —

Q U E E N

And every coveted gem the earth conceives.
A lordly gift indeed!

H E S P E R U S

Thou bringest jewels,
But it is news we are most greedy of.
Draw me a picture of the war, as thou
Didst see it.

H I L D E R I C

Well, sir, it hath been a fierce
And bitter strife. For at the outset, mark you,
The enemy did so stubbornly resist,
Even to the point of wild foolhardihood,
That nought was left us but to throw away
All mercy, and strike terror deep and wide.
Therefore did we let loose those trusty hounds,
Rapine and Fire; and ever as we marched,
We lit our way with blazing farms and hamlets.
But when we had put whole cities to the sword,

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

And plentifully had sown the seed of famine
By wasting all their fruitfullest land, the rest
Was easy; for the people's spirit then
Being broken, they looked on with listless gaze
At their own ruin, and we now bring home
The spoil of temples and of palaces,
The choicest treasures of a once rich Kingdom,
Leaving behind us peace, and a great stillness.

• VENORA

On what a deep, wide base of other's sorrow
Is built to-day our joy!

HILDERIC

Ay, madam, that
Is true enough; but 't is the sort of truth
To which we soldiers have to give the go-by.

VENORA

Yet surely there's a place in heroes' hearts,
Where pity for the fall'n hath lodging?

HILDERIC

Madam,
I have a little son, some five years old,
As pretty a rogue as you should wish to see,
Who has an army all of painted tin —

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

A standing army — till he knocks it down —
And then, what pity has he for 'the fallen?

H E S P E R U S

Not much, I'll swear.

H I L D E R I C

Well, as he plays *his game*,
So play we ours — upon a larger table.
But play it on a kingdom or a carpet,
'T is still a game. 'T is the great Game of War.

H E S P E R U S

Which men play basely or nobly, as themselves
Are base or noble. But take it as we will,
Destruction is a destroying, slaughter a slaying.
We cannot yet make war as we make love,
Carry a citadel by a serenade,
And ride into a fortress on a sigh.
For war is war, its chronicles at their best
Dreadful, and at their worst an inventory
Of all that is in Hell.

Q U E E N

Come, let us look
Once more at these rare treasures. Amulets

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

And signets — cameos and intaglios —
Here's wealth enough to dower an emperor's
daughter!

H E S P E R U S

Had Volmar flung a province in thy lap,
'T were scarce a richer offering.

V E N O R A

Do but mark
The wondrous workmanship! — stone after stone
Carved into shapes of life, or overwrought
With fancies, dreams out of old Grecian story.
Here Hermes binds Ixion to his wheel;
Here is the yet unfreed Andromeda;
Here Theseus slays the Minotaur; and there
A naked soul quails before Rhadamanthus,
The cold judge of the dead. On this is figured
The maiden goddess of the bow and quiver;
On this, Medea drives her dragon team.
Lo, Psyche here, at last made one with Eros,
And all her sorrows over. And on that sard
You may behold Achilles, not in wrath,
But with a brow of pity, as when he mourned
Penthesilea.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

H E S P E R U S

Carven in green Jasper

Here stands Actaeon, by his own hounds torn,
As men are torn by their own fierce desires,
Who hunt delight too madly.

V E N O R A

And upon

This amethyst Arachne at her loom,
Daring to match the perfect woof of Pallas,
Weaves her own perfect woe.

Q U E E N

Hardly a gem

But tells some ancient tale — alas, how oft
A mournful one!

V E N O R A

Here is a priceless stone

So rudely wrought it must be wondrous old.

H E S P E R U S

Rather I think it but of our own day,
For Art, being in its childhood barbarous ever,
In feeble age grows barbarous again,
Its second childhood reached. Yet here is not

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

A jewel but might fittingly adorn,
At to-night's feast, the loveliest brow or bosom.
To-night, good Hilderic, thy great commander,
And thou and all his captains, sup with us;
And if the fare be worthy of the guests,
This house will not have seen a goodlier banquet.

H I L D E R I C

We'll bring brave appetites, I'll take my oath on 't,
And some of us a valiant thirst to boot.

H E S P E R U S

The jocund lamplight hath a happier secret
In drawing heart to heart than the staid day,
"And under it we'll all meet joyously.

SCENE V

The street in front of the palace, crowded with all sorts of persons in gay attire, amongst them ABBO of the Woods, conspicuous in sombre rustic garb. In the doorway of the palace, the QUEEN, HESPERUS, VENORA, POLITIAN, PARMENIO, and other courtiers and ladies.

A B B O

Nay, friend, grudge me not a little standing-room.

F I R S T C I T I Z E N

But thou requirest so much of it. Thou art made on such a large pattern.

A B B O

Well, well, we are none of us built after our own planning — else thy nose would have been shorter.

C H O R U S O F V O I C E S

Ha, ha, ha!

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

S E C O N D C I T I Z E N

Who planned that coat of thine?

F I R S T C I T I Z E N

In what King's reign flourished thy tailor?

T H I R D C I T I Z E N

Did thy clothes come out of Noah's Ark?

A B B O

Now ye should all be grateful to me, seeing that my old homespun doth the better set off your finery.

F I R S T C I T I Z E N

Ay, to be sure it doth. And no doubt thy garments were fashionable enough in Methuselah's time.

F O U R T H C I T I Z E N

Come, let the man alone. He hath an honest country face.

S E C O N D C I T I Z E N

Ay, and acres of honest country mud on his boots.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

FIRST CITIZEN

Hark, they are at hand.

VOICES IN ANOTHER STREET

Long live Volmar! Hail to the conqueror!
Long life to Volmar! Hail, Volmar!

(Enter VOLMAR riding at the head of his army
accompanied by HESPERUS.)

VOICES

Hail, Volmar! Long life to the victor! Glory
to Volmar and all his host! Hail to thee, Volmar!
Honour to the conqueror! Hail, hail!

(VOLMAR dismounts and is met on the palace steps
by the KING and QUEEN, and others of the royal
household.)

KING

Welcome, most noble Volmar. You went from us
Under a pelting hail of men's good wishes,
To come back in the sunshine of their praise.

VOLMAR

A very thunderous sunshine, Prince, so loud
The people cheered us.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

H E S P E R U S

And what sound on earth
Matches the crash and peal of a people's joy?

Q U E E N

Our welcome of you is in softer key,
But not less truly 't is the heart that speaks it.

K I N G

Forgive me that I rode not forth to meet thee
Beyond the walls, as I would fain have done;
For gladly had I seen, from afar off,
The mingled dust and glitter of thine approach,
But the infirmities of this vext clay
Here held me bound and captive. Take thou now
The thanks that unto valour and lofty service
Are due, and if I use a poor pale word
For want of nobler, hear thou in it only
Its wealthiest meaning. I am forced to drink
Deep of inglorious rest, a thing I loathe —
For in my youth they taught me that to rest
Is to rust also; but to-night we revel,
We feast together, thou and I and mine;
And we will talk of all the battles thou
Hast fought, and the great wars we both have
known,

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

And the great warriors; and with memories such
As these we'll fledge the hours.

V O L M A R

Ay, sir, we'll make them
Flee like your routed foes. And sweet, indeed
To us that long have fed on soldiers' fare,
Sweet will it be, to gather at thy table,
Exchange the rough life of the camp and field
For princely cheer, princely companionship.
Forget the reek of carnage in the breath
Of ladies' lips, and speed the night on wings
Of wassail, and drink down the morning star
In cups of triumph!

A B B O

Go drink of Hell's flood tide.
(*Plucks a dagger from his breast and flings himself on VOLMAR.*)

V O L M A R

Off, off, vile peasant!

(*Is stabbed and falls. Shrieks of women. Wild commotion.*)

V O I C E S

He is stabbed to death!

Volmar is murdered!

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Q U E E N

Murdered — at our door?

(The KING sinks back and is supported by his courtiers.)

H E S P E R U S

Seize the assassin.

(Leaps into the street, followed by PARMENIO and others. ABBO is surrounded and stands warding off attempts to overpower him.)

F I R S T C I T I Z E N

Seize him.

S E C O N D C I T I Z E N

Show him no mercy.

T H I R D C I T I Z E N

Despatch him.

A S O L D I E R

Flay him first.

F I R S T C I T I Z E N

Rend him in pieces.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

H E S P E R U S

Stay! Harm him not!

A S O L D I E R

O Prince, this churl has killed
Thy noblest.

H E S P E R U S

(bending over VOLMAR's body)
Are ye sure the wound is mortal?

P A R M E N I O

Perhaps it is not past the healer's skill.

A N O F F I C E R

Yea, 't is his heartblood overflows these steps.

A S O L D I E R

Dead — dead, my lords.

H E S P E R U S

O miserable end!
Thou shouldst have fall'n in splendour of battle,
 slain
By some most glorious sword — and here thou
 liest,
Thy flame of life put out by yon base hand.
Who art thou, wretch?

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

A B B O

My name is Abbo. Where
I dwelt, men call me Abbo of the Woods.

H E S P E R U S

Have I not somewhere looked upon thy face?

A B B O

I cannot tell.

A S O L D I E R

Suffer us now to slay
This man.

H E S P E R U S

Again I charge you, harm him not!
Stand off from him. So great a murderer
Shall fall not thus, beneath your casual steel.
No single arm shall hew him down haphazard,
Nor aught less than a realm and people be
His executioner; for he shall have
Justice, a thing more terrible to the wicked
Than random vengeance. Take ye him away,
And set strict guard on him. Deny him not
The smallest customary privilege
The law decrees for men yet uncondemned.
Omit no form, fulfil each due observance,

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

And let him, at the fitting place and time,
Be brought to trial and judgment, that hereafter
None shall have cause to say of us, 'They gave
The violent up to violence, and delivered
Unto the lawless them that broke the laws.'
Take ye him hence and do no wrong to him.

SCENE VI

The same. Enter from one side a countryman with his wife and child. From the other side GARLIC.

C O U N T R Y M A N

Good master, is it true that there is to be no shows or plays or feasting?

G A R L I C

Ay, the King hath in his infinite wisdom forbid them by reason of this great man's death.

C O U N T R Y W O M A N

We might as well ha' stayed at home.

G A R L I C

Have ye travelled far?

C O U N T R Y M A N

A matter of twenty mile.

G A R L I C

I had an uncle was a great traveller in his youth, but he made a true repentance and died

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

a right godly man, much honoured as a cheese-monger.

C O U N T R Y M A N

Was not this a very great man indeed that was killed hereabouts?

G A R L I C

Ay, he was a very great man. He was, as ye may say, an ensample to us all. Have ye not heard what a world of trouble and mischief he was ever stirring up? That is the sure sign of your truly great man.

C H I L D

Mother, what is a great man like to look at?

C O U N T R Y W O M A N

Lord, child, how should I know, that never saw one?

C H I L D

I should fear to meet one on a dark night.

G A R L I C

When I think upon such greatness as was his, I seem in mine own eyes to be scarce more than an ordinary mortal. Were ye never here before?

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

C O U N T R Y W O M A N

Never in all our days.

G A R L I C

There is much ye might see with profit. Yonder, now, is our famous jail, and if ye go round by the northeast side ye will espy the gallows. A nobler gallows you could not wish for.

C O U N T R Y W O M A N

We had a most fair prospect of it as we came by.

G A R L I C

Well, I must now bid you good-day. See that ye fall not among evil company. These be graceless times and there is fearful regeneracy around us.

(Exit)

C O U N T R Y M A N A N D C O U N T R Y W O M A N

Good-day, good master.

(Enter from opposite sides BRASIDAS and a CITIZEN)

B R A S I D A S

All is in readiness. You will not forget the hour?

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

C I T I Z E N

God forbid.

(*Exit*)

B R A S I D A S

(*to the countryfolk*)

Have ye any friends in this city that could
protect you from harm if need were?

C O U N T R Y M A N

Nay, sir, we know not a soul.

B R A S I D A S

There may be tumults. If you are wise, you
will go back to your village. I counsel you for
your good.

C O U N T R Y M A N

Sir, I am sure thou dost. We will go back
to-night. I would we were home now on our
farmstead.

(*Exeunt countrypeople*)

B R A S I D A S

Good simple folk, what mummary and trumpery
they come hither to gaze at! and at home they
have the great pageant of the harvest, and all
the sweetness of the earth at their doors.

SCENE VII

The same. Night-time. Enter BRASIDAS near the prison. He knocks at a barred window.

B R A S I D A S

What tidings?

(The window is slightly opened and a light flashed on his face.)

V O I C E W I T H I N
Is it Brasidas?

B R A S I D A S

'T is he.

V O I C E

The flax field is in flower.

B R A S I D A S

Goodnight.

V O I C E

Goodnight.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

B R A S I D A S

So all is well. He hath the signal-word
At his tongue's tip. And yet was that the voice
I thought to hear? Yes, all is well. And soon
My sworn and faithful will have gathered to me,
And by connivance of the friend within,
Long ere the dawn, this fortress of foul night,
This house of groans, this place of shuddering,
Will be delivered up into our hands,
With all its secret archives, that will show
Tyranny with her gorgeous vesture off,
Her very self, stripped to her soul. And yet,
Did not the voice sound unfamiliar?
No, all is well; misgivings must not now
Trammel the hot wheels of Resolve, when fate
Hangs on a filament of gossamer.
It is the cavernous and deep-mouthed night,
That gives unto all voices its own accent.

(Enter ZORAYA, going towards the palace steps.

BRASIDAS conceals himself in shadow.)

Z O R A Y A

Here was it done, here was he taken and slain.
They have not even washed the blood away.
Or is it the red hue of porphyry

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

That under this perverting and sick light
Can mock mine eyes? Nay, it is blood itself,
Haunting these steps. But Oh, thou murdered
man,

It was by far, far redder steps than these
That thou didst climb to what men take for
greatness.

Thou wert more cruel than the forest fire,
Thou wert more callous than the lean-lipped sea.
And thou didst climb and climb as a sleep-walker
May climb a mountain knowing not it is Etna
Till headlong down its sulphurous throat he falls.
I hear a step. Is 't Brasidas?

B R A S I D A S

None other.

Z O R A Y A

Friend, whatsoever scheme or undertaking
Thou hast in hand, attempt not on this night
To shape it to a deed.

B R A S I D A S

How hast thou heard?
To none hath it been breathed, save them that
were
To act with me.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Z O R A Y A

No matter how I know,
Or what I know. But if thou should'st proceed
With what thou did'st intend, expect disaster.

B R A S I D A S

Whence, then, does hidden danger threaten?

Z O R A Y A

Enough
That something thou would'st war against is strong
To-night, and watchful. What indeed it is
I do but dimly see. It rises like
A crag that hurls back a besieging wave.

B R A S I D A S

I know thee full of truth as of strange foresight,
And this thy warning chimes with mine own
doubts,
That were but now with difficulty stilled.
If I put off this enterprise, what then?

Z O R A Y A

Have thou a little patience. Let time work.
Slowly the spirit of the world itself

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Is bringing to the birth all thou did'st dream,
And with thee or without thee shall thy cause
Prevail.

B R A S I D A S

My cause is nothing less than man's.

Z O R A Y A

Then it *must* conquer.

B R A S I D A S

Unless Evil have
Indeed celestial warrant, and gross wrong
Be something at which deity itself
Connives. *But that I'll ne'er believe.* — Zoraya,
There's not much passes within palace walls
But thou dost know it — or so runs the rumour:
What hast thou heard to-night touching the King?

Z O R A Y A

At first, when he looked on at Volmar's death,
Horror quite smote him down; but shaking off
His weakness like a mantle, he rose as though
Calamity had girded up and braced him,
Such quick rebound of spirit he hath.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

B R A S I D A S

Some say

He carries, in a ring upon his finger,
Drops of a wondrous potion, a quintessence
Not to be used save in extremity,
But able to call back the escaping life
Even when in act to fly.

Z O R A Y A

And some declare

It hath quite opposite virtue.

B R A S I D A S

Ah! — who knows?

Tell me one other thing. In these last days
Do any tidings of my father reach thee?

Z O R A Y A

He is no more in prison. This very morn
He was set free, by one who soon or late
Does from these corporal bonds enlarge us all.

B R A S I D A S

What, is my father dead? Dead in a dungeon!

(A great bell tolls the hour of one.)

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

ZORAYA

That was the voice of the new day. Farewell.

(*Exit ZORAYA*)

BRASIDAS

Farewell. The new day. It was time the old
Went to its rest. The new day — the new day!

SCENE VIII

A Court of Justice. PETRUS in the judgment seat. ABBO of the Woods arraigned before him. The QUEEN, VENORA, and others sitting as spectators. Guards, scribes, officials. At the back of the Court the populace.

P E T R U S

The crime, which with deliberate fell intent,
Before a multitude of witnesses,
You did notoriously commit, and ~~here~~
Acknowledge by your own mouth without shame,
Is one, the like whereof hath not been seen
On this our soil, within men's memory.
You took your victim, the most noble Volmar,
All unawares, in the great hour that crowned
His glorious life, and slew him on the steps
Of the King's palace, with the same stroke
wounding
The heart of a whole people.

(Enter HESPERUS)

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

From that hour
Till now, all justice and all fairness have
Been shown to you. Nothing which might avail
you,

In this your trial, hath been to you denied.
You have been proffered, and you did refuse,
The services of one who, by vocation
A pleader at the Bar, would have set forth
Whatever might be urged in your behoof,
With-suasive art and skill. Nought now remains
But to pass judgment on you, and apportion
Your penalty to the greatness of that guilt,
Which in its full height stands before the world,
Manifest to all men's eyes.

H E S P E R U S

Most learned Judge,
I crave indulgence for what well might seem
A lawless trespass upon this tribunal.
No least infringement of its sanctity
Do I intend. Indeed, though I have ne'er
Sat amid those who practise in our courts,
Yet have I, without favour, or the relaxing
Of due and rigorous tests, attained to hold
A mastership and doctorate in our laws,
Such as do fully entitle me, if so

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

I list, to take my stand with professed pleaders,
The brotherhood of the forensic robe.
Nay, in the quality of an advocate,
Not else, do I claim audience in this court;
And though it be at the eleventh hour,
And almost one can see the headsman's finger
Trying the axe, I call for stay of sentence,
Till I can bring before you certain matter
Unbroached yet in this trial, but none the less
Most pertinent to the issue.

P E T R U S

At your desire
Judgment shall stand deferred, and aught you
say
Shall here be gravely pondered.

H E S P E R U S

Prisoner,
What King is he whom thou dost serve?

A B B O

King Othgar,
Thine enemy.

H E S P E R U S

In whose land wert thou born?

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

A B B O

King Othgar's land, which ye made war upon.

H E S P E R U S

Where was thy dwelling?

A B B O

In the forest, near
The boundaries where King Othgar's land meets
thine.

H E S P E R U S

(*to the JUDGE*)

Now, as it chances, tidings which to-day
Have reached us, from those confines make it plain
That, notwithstanding Volmar's victories,
A state of war hath never truly ceased.
Still on the frontier do its smouldering embers
Flash daily into angry life, and though
The enemy's hosts in battle on battle were quelled,
Their Kingdom, as a Kingdom, ne'er did make
Formal submission, nor hath any pact
Or treaty of peace been signed, and, in a word,
A state of war still to this hour obtains;
Whence I contend that this man's act, the slaying
Of his own countrymen's arch-enemy,

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Was in its essence a pure act of war,
Entitling him to no more grievous usage
Than all those captives of our arms receive,
Whom we condemn to labour in the mines
Or at the galleys.

P E T R U S

I must count your plea
As but a specious one. Nought hath been here
Adduced in proof that this man's action flowed
From any founts akin to public virtue
Or patriot zeal. You give to his deed a colour
Which its own doer perchance would disavow.

H E S P E R U S

(*to ABBO*)

What moved thee to the deed? Tell unto us
Its story.

A B B O

On that border, where till now
My dwelling was, there grew I up from birth,
And lived by hunting of great forest beasts,
And selling of their furs, and tusks, and hides.
Alone I dwelt, save that my child, my daughter,
A damsel ripening unto womanhood,

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Dwelt with me. And it came to pass, when first
Ye marched against my country, that your armies
Were thereabouts encamped a little while;
And one day, toward eventide, the maiden,
My daughter, by rude hands laid hold upon,
Was taken and carried unto Volmar's tent,
That he might have his will with her, and there,
Upon that night, he forced her to abide.
And in the morn she was cast out among
The soldiers, to be slave to any man's
Desire. This was I told by one that knew.
But ere another sun went down upon them
They found her body, slain by her own hand,
For she and Shame could not live on together.
And in the woods I abode, and when your hosts
Marched back that way, with the camp-followers
I mixed unknown, and with them hitherward
I came. And God was good to me. He gave
Into these hands the man they hungered for;
And I did take and slay him in his pride.
And could I slay him a thousand times again,
That would I do.

P E T R U S

Thus is the prisoner's act,
Save in the greatness of the victim, seen

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

To stand with common crimes of private vengeance.
As for his private wrongs, and whether these
Do in some measure palliate his offence,
With all such questions I am unconcerned.
I sit not here to deal in casuistry,
But to administer the law. His crime
Was open and flagrant, and if I myself
Did inwardly incline to pardon him,
I could not. The prerogative of pardon
Dwells with the King alone.

H E S P E R U S

Then to the King
I make appeal.

K I N G

Thou might'st, with as good fortune,
Appeal to the dead hero, that lies stark
In his yet unclosed coffin, as to me.

V E N O R A

O King, remember this man's mighty woe.

Q U E E N

If thou had'st but a daughter of thine own —

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

V E N O R A

(throwing herself at his feet)

Thou hast! for this thy son and I are wedded,
Though never until now told we the world.

K I N G

What, secret spousals? When a King's son mates,
His bride should be the daughter of a King.
Yet never saw I in thee aught unlovely,
Or aught unwomanlike — or any fault
Save what is common to all thy sex, for being
Women, ye think a Kingdom can be swayed
By women's tears — ye set a peasant's wrongs,
And the light handling of a country wench,
Above a mourning realm.

Q U E E N

Girl, with this kiss
A queen makes thee her daughter. King, thy wife,
Thy son, thy daughter, sue for this man's pardon.
Have pity, have pity upon him.

K I N G

Let pity know
Its place and season. Pity gone astray
Hath led men blindfold to the wilderness,
Whither I'll follow it not. This miscreant's hand

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Hath robbed me of a man whose worth to me
Was that of armies. If I pardon him,
May Heaven in anger —

H E S P E R U S

Oh, speak not some wild word
Thou 'lt wish to unsay.

K I N G

You Powers, whate'er ye are,
That weigh us in your balance — if I show
Mercy unto this murderer, straightway then
Visit me with your signal malediction,
And let some visible stroke of instant fate
Wither me into ashes, even here
Where now I stand.

H E S P E R U S

My task was hard before,
And in a moment it is made thrice harder;
But come what may I will not flinch from it.
Prisoner, I now must lead thy memory back
Unto a certain morn, seven years ago,
When all that border-forest round thy dwelling
Rang with the hunters' bugles. On that day,
There, in a thicket, and by chance divided
From his companions, lay a stripling, gored

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Deep by some savage tusk, and bleeding nigh
To death. And thou did'st find and bear him
thence

Unto thy dwelling, and did'st dress his wound,
And with a rough but heartening wine thou did'st
Bring back the life that else had ebbed too far.
Hast thou a recollection of his face?

•

A B B O

'T was strangely like thine own.

K I N G

(*to HESPERUS*)

The man dissembles.

Thou art mistaken in him — he does but catch
At the offered cue, and play up to thy thought.

H E S P E R U S

(*to ABBO*)

Then with returning breath I bade thee ask
Whate'er thou would'st in recompense, but thou,
Who knewest not who I was, would'st only take
A trivial gift, a thing of little price.

A B B O

Not so — it was thy jewelled hunting horn.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

H E S P E R U S

Whereon I bade thee blow a blast to call
My comrades, which thou did'st; but when they
came

Thou wert not to be found, and they declared
That something either less or more than human
Had tended me and vanished.

P E T R U S

(*to Abbo*)

Hast thou still
That hunting horn?

A B B O

In my wood hut it lies,
But long ago I plucked from it the gems,
And sold them, being in need — two greenish
stones,
With figures cut upon them. One did seem
A huntress, and the other was a stag
Torn down by hounds.

H E S P E R U S

Diana one — the other
Actaeon, fabled to have been transformed
Into that antlered shape. Here are some gems

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Whereon those very figures that you speak of
Are, with a varying fancy, deftly carven.
Canst thou point out the two, if here they be,
Which from that horn thou sever'dst? This is
one —

A B B O

(examining the gems)

That is the other.

H E S P E R U S

True. These two alone
Are portion of that gift which Volmar gave
Unto the Queen — those jewels brought by him
From this man's country; and these two I well
Remember, as having once been set in gold
On that same Bugle of mine.

K I N G

Woe, woe is me!

V O I C E S O F T H E P O P U L A C E

Pardon the man. Release him. Let him go.

K I N G

Have I not called on Heaven to smite me down
If I should show him mercy?

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

VOICES

“Set him free.”

He saved thy son.

KING

The dread Power I invoked
Is swift to take us at our word, and bind us
To the letter of our contracts.

HESPERUS

King, my father, —
God is more just than thou dost picture Him.
Dost thou suppose He is a bartering God,
That makes a profit out of our poor folly,
Alert to seize on our unwariness,
To catch us tripping and stickle for a price?
And should’st thou dare to do a worthy thing,
Dost thou imagine that the august Begetter
Of all this world shall then fall short of thee
In righteous dealing?

KING

He hath me in His hold,
And thou, who art young, know’st not how hard
it is
To slip out of a bargain made with Heaven.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

VOICES

Pardon the man. Free him. He saved thy son.

(Enter among the populace ZORAYA)

ZORAYA

Hear me, O King! There is one only way
For thee to cut this knot. Lay down thy Kingship;
Then shall a King succeed, who hath not yet
Pledged him to cast out Mercy, but will rather
Beckon her to an almost equal seat
Beside great Justice.

VOICES

A word in season. Ay,
A wise word. Abdicate. Uncrown thyself.

KING

Ye cannot be as weary of your King
As he is weary of Kinghood. I will do
Your bidding. I am very humble now.
See, I make way for another — for a King
Not bound, like me, by a rash covenant
With the exacting skies.

(He breaks the seal of his ring, which he places to his lips. He staggers and sinks back.)

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

Q U E E N

O help, ere he

Be gone! Help!

V E N O R A

Then the ring had poison in it!

K I N G

He whom I sent for loiters not, but hither
Rides at full speed. Wife, thou didst ever have
Great patience with me.

H E S P E R U S

Can we do nought at all
To ease thy going hence?

K I N G

There's nothing needed.
After this tangled life, death seems a thing
Most excellently simple.

(Dies)

H E S P E R U S

He is dead.

He who alive had much infirmity
Hath strongly laid life down. Whate'er his faults,

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN

We'll think them not himself, but outermost
Apparel only, and fold them all away
In silence. As for thee, who standest there
And seest thy vengeance full and perfected,
The King alone could pardon thee, and I
Am henceforth King. Take then from me for-
giveness,
And go thou back to thine own land in peace.

THE END

**A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF
MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S WORKS
WITH CONTENTS OF EACH VOLUME**

THE PRINCE'S QUEST.

1880. KEGAN PAUL & CO.

NOW PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE. *Price 4s. 6d. net.*

CONTENTS.

THE PRINCE'S QUEST.

ANGELO.

THE QUESTIONER.

THE RIVER.

CHANGED VOICES.

A SUNSET. *

A SONG OF THREE SINGERS.

LOVE'S ASTROLOGY.

THREE FLOWERS.

THREE ETERNITIES.

LOVE OUTLOVED.

VANISHINGS.

BEETHOVEN.

GOD-SEEKING.

* SKYFARING.

PIGRAMS OF ART, LIFE, AND NATURE. [Out of print.]

1884. LIVERPOOL: GILBERT & G. WALMSLEY.

CONTENTS.

'THOU DOST BUT FLIT, MY MERLE! FROM TREE TO TREE'
'IN YOUTH THE ARTIST VOWETH LOVER'S VOWS'
'THE POET GATHERS FRUIT FROM EVERY TREE'
THE PLAY OF "KING LEAR"
BYRON THE VOLUPTUARY.
'TIS HUMAN FORTUNE'S HAPPIEST HEIGHT, TO BE'
'I CLOSE YOUR MARLOWE'S PAGE, MY SHAKSPERE'S OPE'
SHELLEY AND HARRIET WESTBROOK.
DÜRER'S 'MELENCOLIA'
'TO ART WE GO AS TO A WELL, ATHIRST'
'THE BEASTS IN FIELD ARE GLAD, AND HAVE NOT WIT'
THINKERS, PAST AND PRESENT.
TO A POET.
THE YEAR'S MINSTRELSY.
INSCRIPTION ON A ROCK HAVING THE ^W LIKENESS OF IMMENSE
HUMAN FEATURES.
KEATS.
THE RUINED ABBEY.
ANTONY AT ACTIUM.
BACH, IN THE FUGUES AND PRELUDES.
'NETTLE AND DOCKLEAF ANCIENT NEIGHBOURS BE'
'MY FRIEND THE APOTHECARY O'ER THE WAY'
FROM THE FRENCH.
FROM THE SPANISH.
'MOMENTOUS TO HIMSELF AS I TO ME'
'WHAT WOULD WE HERE, WHAT WOULD WE HERE AT ALL'
'DAILY BY HIS OWN HANDS ARE WRIT OUT FAIR'
'IF NATURE BE A PHANTASM AS THOU SAYST'

BACK FROM ABROAD.

TO ROSSETTI DEAD.

'THE GODS MAN MAKES HE BREAKS; PROCLAIMS THEM EACH'

'IN MID WHIRL OF THE DANCE OF TIME YE START'

TO EDWARD DOWDEN, ON LEARNING THAT HE WAS ABOUT
TO BE ENGAGED UPON THE LIFE OF SHELLEY.

MICHELANGELO'S " "MOSES" "

ROCHEFOUCAULD CONSISTENT.

THE COURSE OF MUSIC.—TO CERTAIN CONTEMPORARY
MUSICIANS.

'LIKE LEAVES ON THE SWOLN STREAM OF THE SWIFT DAYS'

'TO KEEP IN SIGHT PERFECTION, AND ADORE'

TWO POETS.

" "ON SUCH A NIGHT" "

'THOU CANST NOT LOOSE THE TANGLES: LET THEM BE'

'THE CHILDREN ROMP WITHIN THE GRAVEYARD'S PALE'

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI'S POEMS.
THE ALPS.

'OUR LITHE THOUGHTS GAMBOLE CLOSE TO GOD'S ABYSS'

'LIVES THERE WHOM PAIN HATH EVERMORE PASS'D BY'

SHELLEY'S DEATH.

THE CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

" "TIS MEET THE POET SOMETIMES WALK, UNCHID'

'SAY WHAT THOU WILT, THE YOUNG ARE HAPPY NEVER'

AN EPITAPH.

A MARGINAL NOTE ON " "THE TEMPEST" "

'WHO NEVER KNEW A SORROW GROW HIS FRIEND'

" "HOW WEAK ARE WORDS—TO CARRY THOUGHTS LIKE
MINE" '

AN ALLEGED CHARACTERISTIC OF GOETHE.

THE TOWN, BY GASLIGHT.

BYRON AND WORDSWORTH.

THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

'ONWARD THE CHARIOT OF THE UNTARRYING MOVES'

'A DEFT MUSICIAN DOES THE BREEZE BECOME'

ON SEEING THE TOMB OF INFANT BROTHERS TWIN-BORN.
A MAIDEN'S EPITAPH.

'I FOLLOW BEAUTY ; OF HER TRAIN AM I'
'FULL HIGH WE SOAR, AND DIVE EXCREDING DEEP'
ON READING NOW THE WIDOW OF WAGNER CUT OFF HER
HAIR, AND PLACED IT IN HER HUSBAND'S COFFIN WITH
HIS CORPSE.

A SOMETIME CONTEMPORARY.

DARWINISM UPSIDE-DOWN.

MERLIN.

'IMMURED IN SENSE, WITH FIVEFOLD BONDS CONFINED'
'ONCE MORE A PERFECT MORN ! WITH FEET THAT TROD'
BYRON'S " "DON JUAN" "

A HINT TO THE SHADE OF LAMB.

'I KNOW THE TENEBOUS MOODS THAT INTERPOSE'
'FOR METAPHORS OF MAN WE SEARCH THE SKIES'

ART.

ON LONGFELLOW'S DEATH.

THOU DEEMEST THAT THE SOUL THROUGH DEATH ASCENDS.
'I ROAM'D THROUGH STREETS WITH HUMAN RUINS STREWN'
SHAKSPERE'S POURTRAYAL OF CÆSAR.

TO MR. GLADSTONE (1882).

'LOVE, LIKE A BIRD, HATH PERCH'D UPON A SPRAY'
'TOILING AND YEARNING, 'TIS MAN'S DOOM TO SEE'

TO WALT WHITMAN.

TO GOETHE.

'THE STATUE—BUONARROTI SAID—DOETH WAIT'
'NOT YET THE GHOSTS OF THE OLD GODS ARE LAID'

BROWNING.

TO A SEABIRD.

'MANY THINGS ARE GROWING PLAIN AND CLEAR TO ME'
(SCHILLER'S LAST WORDS).

TANTALUS.

'BROOK, FROM WHOSE BRIDGE THE WANDERING IDLER PEERS'
'ONE MUSIC MAKETH ITS OCCULT ABODE'

‘ENOUGH OF MOURNFUL MELODIES, MY LUTE !’
‘FOR THEE, THE GODS YET HAUNT OLYMPUS HILL,’
TO A FOOLISH WISE MAN.
“SUBJECTIVITY” IN ART.
‘THINK NOT THY WISDOM CAN ILLUME AWAY’
‘I PLUCK'D THIS FLOWER, O BRIGHTER FLOWER, FOR THEE’
‘MARR'D IS OUR MUSIC BY THE SINGER'S TEARS’
‘TO BE AS THIS OLD ELM FULL LOTH WERE I’
‘HIS RHYMES THE POET FLINGS AT ALL MEN'S FEET’

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE, AND OTHER
POEMS. *[Out of print.]*

1890. LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN.

CONTENTS.

TO JAMES BROMLEY, OF LATHOM, LANCASHIRE.
WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

VER TENE BROSUM. Sonnets of March and April, 1885.

THE SOUDANESE.

HASHEEN.

THE ENGLISH DEAD.

GORDON.

GORDON (*concluded*).

THE TRUE PATRIOTISM.

RESTORED ALLEGIANCE.

THE POLITICAL LUMINARY.

FOREIGN MENACE.

HOME-ROOTEDNESS.

OUR EASTERN TREASURE.

REPORTED CONCESSIONS.

NIGHTMARE. (Written during Apparent Imminence of War.)

LAST WORD: TO THE COLONIES.

MENSIS LACRIMARUM (March, 1885).

TO JOHN OF BRANTWOOD. AFTER READING A LETTER (*Pall Mall Gazette*, February 15, 1886).

THE MOCK SELF.

LIFE WITHOUT HEALTH.

ON EXAGGERATED DEFERENCE TO FOREIGN LITERARY OPINION.

THE LUTE-PLAYER.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

WORLD-STRANGENESS.

WHEN BIRDS WERE SONGLESS.

ON LANDOR'S "HELENICS"

TO A FRIEND, CHAFING AT THE ENFORCED IDLENESS OF
INTERRUPTED HEALTH.

ENGLAND TO IRELAND (February, 1888).

THE RAVEN'S SHADOW.

VERSES TO MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, ON READING "PRINCE
LUCIFER."

EPIGRAMS—

'TIS HUMAN FORTUNE'S HAPPIEST HEIGHT TO BE'

'THE STATUE—BUONARROTI SAID—DOETH WAIT'

'TO KEEP IN SIGHT PERFECTION, AND ADORE'

'IF NATURE BE A PHANTASM, AS THOU SAY'ST'

'THE POET GATHERS FRUIT FROM EVERY TREE'

'BROOK, FROM WHOSE BRIDGE THE WANDERING IDLER PEERS'

'TO ART WE GO AS TO A WELL, ATHIRST'

'IN YOUTH THE ARTIST VOWETH LOVER'S VOWS'

'IMMURED IN SENSE, WITH FIVEFOLD BONDS CONFINED'

'LOVE, LIKE A BIRD, HATH PERCH'D UPON A SPRAY'

'THINK NOT THY WISDOM CAN ILLUME AWAY'

'IN MID WHIRL OF THE DANCE OF TIME YE START'

ON LONGFELLOW'S DEATH.

BYRON THE VOLUPTUARY.

ANTONY AT ACTIUM.

ART.

KEATS.

AFTER READING 'TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.'
SHELLEY AND HARRIET WESTBROOK.
THE PLAY OF 'KING LEAR.'

TO PROFESSOR DOWDEN, ON RECEIVING FROM HIM 'THE LIFE
OF SHELLEY.'

POEMS.

[*Out of Print.*

1892. LONDON AND NEW YORK: MACMILLAN AND CO.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS—

PRELUDE.

AUTUMN.

WORLD-STRANGENESS.

'WHEN BIRDS WERE SONGLESS'

THE MOCK SELF.

'THY VOICE FROM INMOST DREAMLAND CALLS'

IN LALEHAM CHURCHYARD.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

'NAY, BID ME NOT MY CARES TO LEAVE'

A CHILD'S HAIR.

THE KEY-BOARD.

'SCENTLESS FLOW'R'S I BRING THEE'

ON LANDOR'S 'HELLENICS.'

To — 'Unto the Lady of The Nook'

ON EXAGGERATED DEFERENCE TO FOREIGN LITERARY
OPINION.

ENGLAND TO IRELAND.

MENSIS LACRIMARUM.

'UNDER THE DARK AND PINY STEEP'

THE BLIND SUMMIT.
TO LORD TENNYSON.
SKETCH OF A POLITICAL CHARACTER.
ART MAXIMS.
THE GLIMPSE.
THE BALLAD OF THE 'BRITAIN'S PRIDE.'
LINES—'Go, Verse, nor let the grass of tarrying grow'
THE RAVEN'S SHADOW.
LUX PERDITA.
ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.
HISTORY.
THE EMPTY NEST.
IRELAND.
THE LUTE-PLAYER.
'AND THESE—ARE THESE INDEED THE END.'
THE RUSS AT KARA.
LIBERTY REJECTED.
LIFE WITHOUT HEALTH.
TO A FRIEND, CHAFING AT ENFORCED IDLENESS FROM INTERRUPTED HEALTH.
'WELL HE SLUMBERS, GREATLY SLAIN.'
AN EPISTLE.
TO AUSTIN DOBSON.
TO EDWARD CLODD.
TO EDWARD DOWDEN.
FELICITY.

VER TENEBROSUM, SONNETS OF MARCH AND APRIL 1885—

THE SOUDANESE.
HASHEEN.
THE ENGLISH DEAD.
GORDON.
GORDON (*concluded*).
THE TRUE PATRIOTISM.

RESTORED ALLEGIANCE.
THE POLITICAL LUMINARY.
FOREIGN MENACE.
HOME-ROOTEDNESS.
OUR EASTERN TREASURE.
REPORTED CONCESSIONS.
NIGHTMARE.
LAST WORD: TO THE COLONIES.

EPIGRAMS—

“TIS HUMAN FORTUNE'S HAPPIEST HEIGHT TO BE’
‘THE STATUE—BUONARROTI SAID—DOOTH WAIT’
‘TO KEEP IN SIGHT PERFECTION AND ADORE’
‘IF NATURE BE A PHANTASM, AS THOU SAYST’
‘THE POET GATHERS FRUIT FROM EVERY TREE’
‘BROOK, FROM WHOSE BRIDGE THE WANDERING IDLER PEERS’
‘TO ART WE GO AS TO A WELL, ATHIRST’
‘IN YOUTH THE ARTIST VOWETHI LOVERS' VOWS’
‘IMMURED IN SENSE, WITH FIVEFOLD BONDS CONFINED’
‘LOVE, LIKE A BIRD, HATH PERCH'D UPON A SPRAY’
‘THINK NOT THY WISDOM CAN ILLUME AWAY’
‘IN MID-WHIRL OF THE DANCE OF TIME YE START’
‘THE BEASTS IN FIELD ARE GLAD, AND HAVE NOT WIT’
‘MOMENTOUS TO HIMSELF AS I TO ME’
‘THE GODS MAN MAKES HE BREAKS ; PROCLAIMS THEM EACH’
‘THE CHILDREN ROMP WITHIN THE GRAVEYARD'S PALE’
‘OUR LITHE THOUGHTS GAMBOL CLOSE TO GOD'S ABYSS’
‘LIVES THERE WHOM PAIN HAS EVERMORE PASS'D BY’
‘SAY WHAT THOU WILT, THE YOUNG ARE HAPPY NEVER’
‘ONWARD THE CHARIOT OF THE UNTARRYING MOVES’
‘A DEFT MUSICIAN DOES THE BREEZE BECOME’
‘I FOLLOW BEAUTY ; OF HER TRAIN AM I’
‘TOILING AND YEARNING, 'TIS MAN'S DOOM TO SEE’
‘FOR METAPHORS OF MAN WE SEARCH THE SKIES’
‘ONE MUSIC MAKETH ITS OCCULT ABODE’

‘ENOUGH OF MOURNFUL MELODIES, MY LUTE!’
‘I PLUCK'D THIS FLOWER, O BRIGHTER FLOWER, FOR THEE’
‘TO BE AS THIS OLD ELM FULL LOTH WERE I’
‘AH, VAIN, THRICE VAIN IN THE END, THY HATE AND RAGE’
‘HIS RHYMES THE POET FLINGS AT, ALL MEN'S FEET’
ON LONGFELLOW'S DEATH.

BYRON' THE VOLUPTUARY.

ANTONY AT ACTIUM.

ART.

KEATS.

AFTER READING ‘TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.’

SHELLEY AND HARRIET WESTBROOK.

THE PLAY OF ‘KING LEAR.’

TO A POET.

THE YEAR'S MINSTRELSY.

THE RUINED ABBEY.

MICHELANGELO'S ‘MOSES.’

THE ALPS.

THE CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

AN EPITAPH.

THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

TO A SEABIRD.

ON DÜRER'S ‘MELENCOLIA.’

TANTALUS.

A MAIDEN'S EPITAPH.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

TO JAMES BROMLEY.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM, AND OTHER
POEMS.

1892. LONDON AND NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & CO.
NOW PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE.

Price 3s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.

LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM.
DEDICATION OF 'THE DREAM OF MAN.'
THE DREAM OF MAN.
SHELLEY'S CENTENARY.
A GOLDEN HOUR.
AT THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB.
LINES IN A FLY-LEAF OF 'CHRISTABEL.'
RELUCTANT SUMMER.
THE GREAT MISGIVING.
'THE THINGS THAT ARE MORE EXCELLENT.'
BEAUTY'S METEMPSYCHOSIS.
ENGLAND MY MOTHER.
NIGHT.
THE FUGITIVE IDEAL.
'THE FORESTERS.'
SONG—'Lightly we met in the morn.'
COLUMBUS.

THE ELOPING ANGELS: A CAPRICE.

1893. LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS AND JOHN LANE.

Price 3s. 6d. net.

ODES AND OTHER POEMS.

1893. LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS AND JOHN LANE.

Price 4s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.

TO RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.
TO H. D. TRAILL.
TO ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.
TO LICINIUS.
THE FIRST SKYLARK OF SPRING.
LAKELAND ONCE MORE.
DOMINE, QUO VADIS?
VITA NUOVA.
THE FRONTIER.
SONNET—‘I think the immortal servants of mankind’
THE PROTEST.
A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.
SONG IN Imitation of the ELIZABETHANS.
TO A FRIEND.
AFTER THE TITANS.
PEACE AND WAR.
THE IDEAL POPULAR LEADER.
TO A LADY RECOVERED FROM A DANGEROUS SICKNESS.
TO—‘Forget not, brother singer! that though Prose’
THE RIVALS.
A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.
THE SIXTY-FIVE ELEMENTS.
A NEW YEAR’S PRAYER.
FRANCE.
THE SOVEREIGN POET.
MALIGN BEAUTY.
TO ONE WHO HAD WRITTEN IN DERISION OF THE BELIEF
IN IMMORTALITY.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE WORLD IN ARMOUR.

- i. 'Under this shade of crimson wings abhorred'
- ii. 'When London's Plague, that day by day enrolled'
- iii. 'A moment's fantasy, the vision came'

TO AUBREY DE VERE.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF MR. STEVENSON'S 'CATRIONA.'

TELL ME NOT NOW.

NIGHT ON CURBAR EDGE.

THE SAINT AND THE SATYR.

INES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND PARK.

A RIDDLE OF THE THAMES.

THE FATHER OF THE FOREST, AND OTHER POEMS.

1895. LONDON: JOHN LANE.

Price 3s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.

THE FATHER OF THE FOREST.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

THE TOMB OF BURNS.

SONNET—'I think you never were of earthly frame'

TO —, WITH A VOLUME OF VERSE.

THE TURK IN ARMENIA.

LYRIC—'I do not ask to have my fill'

LYRIC—'Oh, like a queen's her happy tread'

APOLOGIA.

THE PURPLE EAST: A SERIES OF SONNETS
ON ENGLAND'S DESERTION OF ARMENIA.
With a Frontispiece after G. F. WATTS, R.A.

1896. LONDON: JOHN LANE.

Price 1s. net.

CONTENTS.

THE TURK IN ARMENIA.
CRAVEN ENGLAND.
THE PRICE OF PRESTIGE.
HOW LONG?
REPUDIATED RESPONSIBILITY
ENGLAND TO AMERICA.
A BIRTHDAY.
THE TIRED LION.
THE BARD-IN-WAITING.
LEISURED JUSTICE.
THE PLAGUE OF APATHY.
THE KNELL OF CHIVALRY.
A TRIAL OF ORTHODOXY.
'IF.'
A HURRIED FUNERAL.
A WONDROUS LIKENESS.
LAST WORD.

THE YEAR OF SHAME: WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.
With a Frontispiece after G. F. WATTS, R.A.

1897. LONDON: JOHN LANE.

Price 2s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.

TO A LADY.
THE TURK IN ARMENIA.
IGNOBLE EASE.
THE PRICE OF PRESTIGE.
HOW LONG?
REPUDIATED RESPONSIBILITY.
A HURRIED FUNERAL.
ENGLAND TO AMERICA.
A BIRTHDAY.
THE TIRED LION.
THE BARD-IN-WAITING.
LEISURED JUSTICE.
THE PLAGUE OF APATHY.
THE KNELL OF CHIVALRY.
TO RUSSIA.
A TRIAL OF ORTHODOXY.
'IF.'
A WONDROUS LIKENESS.
STARVING ARMENIA.
TO THE SULTAN.
ON THE REPORTED EXPULSION OF AHMED RIZA BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.
ON A CERTAIN EUROPEAN ALLIANCE.
TO OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.
THE AWAKENING.
HOW WEARY IS OUR HEART.
EUROPE AT THE PLAY.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD, AND
OTHER POEMS.

1898. JOHN LANE.

Price 3s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.
THE UNKNOWN GOD.
ODE IN MAY.
ESTRANGEMENT.
AN INSCRIPTION AT WINDERMERE.
THE HEIGHTS AND THE DEEPS.
A FLY-LEAF POEM.
TO MRS. HERBERT STUDD.
SONG—‘April, April.’
THEY AND WE.
TO S. W. IN THE FOREST.
THE CAPTIVE’S DREAM.
TO THE LADY KATHARINE MANNERS.
INVENTION.
THE LURE.
THE LOST EDEN.
TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.
A COURTEZAN—A PATRON.
ELUSION.
TOO LATE.
JUBILEE NIGHT IN WESTMORLAND.
HELLAS, HAIL!
AFTER DEFEAT.
THE THREE NEIGHBOURS.

ODE ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

1902. JOHN LANE.

Price 2s. 6d. net.

FOR ENGLAND. POEMS WRITTEN DURING ESTRANGEMENT.

1904 JOHN LANE.

Price 2s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.

THE ENEMY.

PAST AND PRESENT.

ON BEING STYLED 'PRO-BOER.'

'LENIENCY.'

FORCE AND FREEDOM.

TO ONE ESPousing UNPOPULAR TRUTH.

LAMENTATION.

MELANCHOLIA.

ACHIEVEMENT.

ROME AND ANOTHER.

THE INEXORABLE LAW.

AN IDEAL PASSION.

THE UNSUBDUED.

GREETING.

A LAODICEAN.

FOR ENGLAND.

METAMORPHOSIS.

HARVEST.

THE SLAIN.

THE TRAGIC CHANGE.

LINKS TO THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE.

THE TRUE IMPERIALISM.

THE DRAGONS.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM: BEING SOME
PROSE RECREATIONS OF A RHYMER.

1893. LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS AND JOHN LANE.

Price 5s. net.

CONTENTS.

SOME LITERARY IDOLATRIES.

THE PUNISHMENT OF GENIUS.

KEATS AND MR. COLVIN.

THE LANCASHIRE LAUREATE.

MR. HARDY'S 'TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.'

CRITICS AND THEIR CRAFT.

LOWELL AS A CRITIC.

COLERIDGE'S SUPERNATURALISM.

THE MYSTERY OF STYLE.

MR. R. H. HUTTON.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S 'HOGARTH.'

IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS.

MR. MEREDITH'S POETRY.

DR. JOHNSON ON MODERN POETRY.

NEW POEMS.

1909. LONDON: JOHN LANE.

Price 5s. nd.

CONTENTS.

THE BLACKSMITH.
SONNETS TO MIRANDA.
TO THE INVINCIBLE REPUBLIC.
WALES: A GREETING.
THE WOMAN WITH THE SERPENT'S TONGUE.
ON THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN.
HEAVEN AND HELL.
THE STREAM AND THE TARN.
THE PLAYMATES.
HATE.
TAVERN SONG.
PAST AND PRESENT.
TO A FAIR MAIDEN WHO BADE ME SHUN WINE.
THE FISHER. 9
THE FATAL PRAYER.
THE MOUND IN THE MEADS.
TO M. W.
REVELATION.
THE MOUNTAIN RAPTURE.
THE HEART OF THE ROSE.
THE NEWS FROM THE FIELD.
THE KNIGHTS AND THE KING.
THE WINTER SLEEP.
RETRIBUTION.
SONNET: TO RICHARD WATSON GILDER.
THE ORGY IN PARNASSUS.
CRITICISM.
'THINK YOU, DEMOISELLE DEMURE.'

THE SCOTT MONUMENT, PRINCE'S ST., EDINBURGH.
THE INN BY THE WOOD.
THE CHURCHYARD IN THE WOLD.
ON HEARING MADAME OLGA SAMAROFF PLAY.
SONG FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.
THE MUSCOVITE'S SONG.
THOUGHTS ON REVISITING A CENTRE OF COMMERCE.
AT A BURIAL.
BIRTH AND DEATH.
IN DREAMS.
VIVISECTION.
LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.
THE CHURCH TO-DAY.
THE LISTENERS.
THE STONES OF STANTON DREW.
MAUREEN ASTHORE.

SABLE AND PURPLE, WITH OTHER POEMS.

1910. LONDON: EVELEIGH NASI.

Price 2s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.

SABLE AND PURPLE.
KING ALFRED.
IN THE MIDST OF THE SEAS.
THE THREATENED TOWERS.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM
WATSON. [Out of Print.]

1898. LONDON AND NEW YORK: JOHN LANE.

SELECTED POEMS.

1902. LONDON AND NEW YORK: JOHN LANE.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE ('FLOWERS OF
PARNASSUS' SERIES). With Illustrations by
DONALD MAXWELL.

1904. LONDON AND NEW YORK: JOHN LANE.

THE TOMB OF BURNS ('FLOWERS OF
PARNASSUS' SERIES). With Illustrations by
D. Y. CAMERON.

1904. LONDON AND NEW YORK: JOHN LANE.

